

PRICE TWOPENCE

THE SYDNEY MAIL,
SATURDAY, 14TH NOVEMBER.

Testing Marine Steam
 ers of the War—Earth-
 —Homebush Meeting—
 on Engine

at Noon This Day.

PUNCH Cartoon, THIS

OUS. — See PUNCH.

PHS.—See TO-DAY'S
DRE.—Published THIS
ing office, 281, George-st.
hed, the much-admired
e Anna Bishop, at the
Bud in Heaven." In
2s.; per post, 2s. 2d.
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ERSY.—Earnest seekers
d to read "Confessions
Water to Baptism WITH
from the London edition.
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George-street. Price, one

Steam Engine, 12a, post
Artisan, Mechanic, and
s and 185 engravings, 30a,
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arts of working all metals
and steel, hardening and
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a Founder's Guide, a con-
ding, moulding the metals
cent improvements in the
by the Bessemer process,
and Engineer's Guide,
American Machinists and
struction, a application, and
for home craftsmen

with the most economical
verified by actual practice
on the floor, 13s 6d, post
on Steam and the Steam
ers, students, and others,
companion, containing the
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&c.; &c.; tables of areas and
areas, varnishes, ladders,
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ing everything relating to the
Fishing, and glass stain-
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SON, Importer,
426, George-street.
Madrilla, by Carl Roslein,
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Cathedral.
RY, post free. W. A.
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KING-STREET.
FELS, by the best authors,
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Greatly reduced price. H.
tioner, 106, King-street.
STATIONERY, of all
prices. COLE, King-st.
S for SALE or HIRE.

RAT GOLD JEWEL-
 ed per mail, consisting of
 Scarf Rings and Slides ;
 necklets, Necklets, Locketts,
 Co.'s Presentation Pencil
 Ladies' and Gentlemen's
 Pocket Holders, Card Cases,
 first-class Vienna Moers-
 Hunter-street, first floor

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6d per pair.
CO., 326, George-street.

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ERS, and OTHERS.
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RICE.
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CHAPMAN and CO.
Champagne Ale; Hennessy's
Byass's, Barclay's, and
Tom, B.P. Rum, Geneva.
No. 80, Clarence-street.

The undersigned are in
the above, in hogheads and
and of pale in cases.
and CO., Agents, late
small packages. Fresh
and CO.

SHEPTON MALLET
for Morice Cox and Co.,
mentioned. This also stands

the undersigned have two
and Co.'s first-class and
to KLOOT, and CO.

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HARCOURT.
—These celebrated Wines
Park Cellars, and bearing
purity and excellence may
HARCOURT.
HAMPAGNE ALE.—
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E and HARCOURT.
al York HAMS. North

Concentrated ESSENCE
Exhibitions, 1867.
will prove its great
nutritious qualities and
and HARCOURT.

fresh samples, ex Escort.
street,

of the signatures attached to that petition are of similar character to the one I have cited.

Mr. Joad states he is prepared to find fifty pounds above the record removed, and in *Lord's Prayer* he has the words "and our help is in thy name." This may lead to a settlement, but I would suggest, as Mr. Joad says, it is necessary to preserve the extent character of the church that they should need to them by the ensuing, namely, the position of the church. Having his well gratified in that regard, and I would give way to those who prefer the channel well decorated with the present ice.

A few words, in conclusion, with respect to the issue itself. I have no doubt the opposition to it arises from ignorance of what it is.

that any unprejudiced person try the church a
 and see it, when, I have no doubt, their opinion
 coincide with those who have, and agree that
 a fuss has been made about nothing.
 G. GARDNER.
 Copper-street, Strawberry Hills.
**NEW MORE WORDS ABOUT WINE AND
 THE VINE.**
To the Editor of the Herald.
 —Before saying anything more about wine,
 I call attention to the vine itself, with respect to
 cultivation in different countries.
 On all that I can gather, it seems that the vine
 grows best in those lands frequented by the
 Jews, and that the wine of those countries is

with plenty of sunshine, a clear atmosphere, and a summer heat, ranging at least above 80° of Fahrenheit, with few frosty days. The grapes are raised in the best of the vineyards, but little rain during the summer months, and the soil requisite for producing the best wine is next to none required. Deep alluvial soil produces wine of inferior quality, although in increased quantity. The vine requires a deep, rich soil, composed of limestone and chalk formations, with a thin aluminae crust; light, red aluminous and ferruginous, forming a shallow layer above of a base of clay, and a thin crust of iron, and a single layer of loam, with coarse pebbles, covering the surface with gravel; aluminous earth, more or less free of traces of organic deposit; compound soils of limestone, gravel, stony, and porous, the thin, siliceous, and calcareous soil of the hills, the abundance of granite and other rocks from their decomposition;—these are amongst the different kinds of soil, which develop the finer qualities of the grape. The soil of these great vine-growing countries, *the best of wines*, but then the quality is first-rate. In Italy and Sicily the best vines grow among the base of volcanoes; in short, any light, poor, friable soil, in which the vine can certainly flourish, is congenial to the plant. Such a soil on a hill, or in a certain soil, in a certain soil and climate, to yield good wine; for it is admitted that on the quality of the soil, in a certain soil, the nature of the wine depends.

Another author says, "The best vines produce tolerable wine; for the wine is not excellent in proportion to the size and luxuriance of the vine, but rather the contrary.

It is the best trained vines as they now do in the vineyards—along palisades, or from tree to tree. This also done in Southern France. The vines of Cyprus, Candia and in the alkali above three feet high, but being thick in the stem and grow like trees, and the leaves are large and green, and the wine-producing countries of the north of Europe, the vines are trained along little rods near

The result of experience seems to be that training is best adapted to certain situations in climates, and the low to those which are dry.
 I come now to the manuring or dressing of the vine. I find great diversity of opinion; some writers teaching rich manuring every three years, others that it is the decided opinion that the less a vine is manured the better it will be, against that I should be frequently turned the surface and as free from weeds as possible. In some of France junipers are sown among vines, buried when in flower round their roots where they decay. The best dressing, however, is to use old earth, from meadows or woods, of a recent quality from those of the vineyard. If vines were dressed, the wine produced is apt to get gross and ill-flavoured.
 As to age to which the vine bears is from sixty every years or more, but in the common course it is six or seven years before it is in full bearing. This loss of time may be obtained by cutting or pruning early in the spring. I think I have already trespasses too much on your patience. I will therefore proceed to the various methods of making wine in my next letter. I am still now conversing with the author of the *Art de Vinifier*, Bacon, who is quite foreign to the subject. I am writing about the use of wine in food and consumed alone, it is hurtful to the stomach and the system, and it is the natural moisture of the body, and so deplete the animal; but where there is moisture enough, or superabundance, wine helps to digest and to deplete the superabundance.
 I all lack moisture in this arid climate I reckon.
 Your obedient servant,
 XXX.

IN THE CASE OF EXTRADITION.—The select committee are appointed to inquire into the state of our treaty dealings with foreign Governments regarding extradition. The committee have been instructed to report on the uniform policy on the subject, have agreed to the following report, which has just been issued:—"That desirable that greater facilities should be given for the extradition of malefactors with foreign Governments, for the surrender to them of persons accused or the commission of crimes in the territory of such countries respectively, and who have escaped to this country; and for the surrender by them, to the Governments of the United Kingdom, of persons accused or the commission of crimes in their territories from countries. That the list of crimes which should

foreign countries require extradition, but might, with advantage to the public service, be made more comprehensive than the crimes enumerated in the only three treaties of extradition now in force between the United Kingdom and countries requiring extradition, the United States and Denmark. That a general Act of Parliament should be passed, enabling her Majesty, by Order in Council, to declare that persons accused, upon being furnished with the *processus criminis*, of the commission of any of the crimes to be enumerated in such Act, should be surrendered to any foreign Government within whose jurisdiction such crime is deemed to have been committed, and with which the Government of the United Kingdom has no treaty of extradition, provided that the evidence against persons accused of crimes: mentioned in the schedule, with the exceptions provided in 5 and 6 cap. 76, s. 2, and 29 and 30 Vict. cap. 121, be so good as to justify the committal of the offender to the criminal law of the United Kingdom, and that every arrangement should be required by the Act of Parliament to be terminable by either party, at the expiration of a moderate period of years, so that the arrangement should be subject to termination. That it shall be required by the Act of Parliament that the arrangement should be subject to termination from the liability to extradition such persons are accused of crimes which are deemed, by the party to the arrangement of whom the surrender is demanded, to be of a political character: that the period of years should be terminable, at the option, by the party to the arrangement of whom the surrender is demanded, to constitute assassination, or attempt to assassinate, shall not be included in this description. That copies of every such arrangement, made by the Council of Ministers, shall be laid before either House of Parliament within six days of the issue of such order if Parliament be then

of the next meeting of Parliament. That every arrangement should contain an express stipulation, that no person surrendered shall be put on his trial or be liable to be held in custody, or be prosecuted, for any crime committed previous to his surrender, other than that on account of which he was surrendered, without having been returned to the territory of the state making the surrender. That it be one condition of such arrangement, on the part of the United Kingdom, with respect to any prisoner who shall be surrendered to the authorities of the United Kingdom by any government, that he be remanded to custody for a limited period, say fifteen days, before surrender, and he be informed, by the authority of the government making the surrender, that it is competent to apply, in the meantime, for a writ of *habeas corpus*. That upon the hearing of the case, on *habeas corpus*, it shall be open to the accused to question the evidence produced for and against him, and that if it is found that his surrender has, in fact, been sought for legal reasons. That all legal proceedings necessary for the surrender of an offender by the United Kingdom on a crime committed previous to his surrender, should originate in an application before the judicial metropolitan police court. That the Act 29 10 Vict., c. 121, which expires this year, making provision with respect to the production of judicial and legal documents, copies thereof, in evidence against persons accused of crimes, in accordance with the extradition treaties now in force, should be temporarily continued.

REVIEW.

(From the *Albion*.)*The Shipping-Mon of My Time*—(Les Souvenirs de Mon Temps, par Roger de Beauvoir.) (Paris: Faure.)

We must turn back the pages of modern French history for some five-and-thirty years to get at the goodly company that, when Dumas and Lamartine, De Vigny and Hugo were young, held literary sway in Paris, and mocked the laughing hours in the very saloons of grandeur and in art for the epicures and guided youth of France. The fashionable men and writers who flourished in the early days of the Césaire King, and were the familiars of his saloons, contrast advantageously with the sporting spendthrifts and rich painters of manners as they rise who now crowd the Bois in the season, and patronise the Provencal Brothers only when they are bent upon a carouse with actresses and dancers. Contrast the late Roger de Beauvoir with the late Duc de Cadouze, and the points in which the dissipation of Louis Philippe's day differs from that of Napoleon the Third's start to the front. The governing spirit of society under the Monarchy of July were men of good family, but not rich men. Nor does it appear that they were possessed with that sordid avarice which may whet the edge of mediocre men, but only degrades genius. They were gay, laughing men,—extravagant at times, with overmuch faith in the witcheries of Al; but their dissipation was intellectual, and they rallied one another with polished epigrams. As the Indian gathers the rose after from the surface of the stream with the blade of the sword-lily, so this youth skinned that which was sweet in life with the delicate weapons of the true artist. They were all poor men, or nearly so, and the great generation of 1830. Roger de Beauvoir, according to Alexander Dumas, alone had the great misfortune of being rich—three times rich. The leader of the band, Chateaubriand, was poor. Antony Deschamps, whose verse was on all lips, hardly had enough to put between his own. His brother Emile had a little clerkship in the Ministry of Finance. M. de Genoude paid the printer's bill when Lamartine issued his "Méditations Poétiques." Béranger was born poor, and died poor. Alfred de Musset had no silver spoon in his mouth; and George Sand was impatient to touch a few hundred francs for her "Indiana." M. Dumas admits that Scribe started with \$250 per annum, and died worth three million francs; but then he will not allow that the dramatist was of the goodly company of men who wreathed the hours with song, and beaded the cup with wit, and sipped all they could get that was sweet in life under the Charter of July.

Roger de Beauvoir first appeared before the public (with his "Ecolier de Cluny") in 1832. Three days after the publication of this romance it was on its way to the stage. M. Dumas admits no "Ecolier de Cluny," no "Tour de Nesle." Roger was accepted among the joyous lettered spirits; and he brought with his that *esprit gai* which is hardly describable in English, and which it has been said Nature cast with both hands into his cradle. He was emphatically the best of all good company. He enchanted the brilliant and indefatigable Dumas with his inexhaustible spirits and his unshakable store of fancies. Dumas says he was "adorable at the dinner-table." Roger was a man of strong build, of masculine mind, of the sunniest temperament. He was well read; he had the instincts of an ancient race. The Jesuits, who had brought him up, had given a solid background to his sparkling surface. The joyous company, among whom his best days were passed, pelted one another with compliments neatly turned, as well as epigrams. M. de Vigny, the wisest of the society, would slip some remark, or a napkin of wit, at a dinner given by Antonio Joly. Roger found a poem by Mery with his bread. Four lines of it describe the young noble.

"Artiste, chevalier, poète,
Il a parcouru l'univers,
Et il a vu les plus beaux pays,
Et il a vu les plus beaux rois."
Le poète, l'artiste, le poète,
Il n'y a point de mot qui le peigne,
Tout ce qu'il a dit de sa vie,
C'est qu'il a vu les plus beaux rois.

Dumas presents this as the style in which "Byronicism" was played five-and-thirty years ago. In the midst of fêtes, of gay dinners and gayer suppers, the spendthrift Roger made pauses enough to write about eighty volumes. Roger's romance "Chevalier de Saint-Georges," which he presented to his countrymen also in the form of a drama—will remain his brightest and best known work. Romances, dramas, poems, songs, memoirs, issued from his lively brain, it would seem, as easily as the retort over the wine-cup. In the iron body there was a spirit of fire that played, during forty years, the wildest pranks. Roger de Beauvoir was one of those strong, joyous, solid men who appear to defy disease, and with whom it is impossible to associate the sick chamber. But a fall, in November, 1861, while reaching a book from an upper shelf in his apartment, suddenly produced an internal rupture, and he was brought to his arm-chair, not to be wholly beaten at once, however. He must joke with the doctor who came to operate upon him. He examined the surgical instrument, and decided that he would sooner die than submit to its use upon his poor body. Dr. Favrot agreed with him. "That being decided" (quoth Roger), let us have a glass of champagne." Two bottles were drunk by the doctor and his patient. Whereupon the man of art rose and said, "Let us embrace, my dear invalid, for it is probable we shall never meet again in this world." The doctor added that all would be probably over within twelve hours. "In any case come to-morrow," the patient called to the retreating physician. Dr. Favrot agreed to call, as a matter of curiosity. Roger settled himself in his arm-chair, waiting for death. But sweet sleep came; his drooping limbs were suddenly relieved, and he felt cured. On the morrow he answered the bell when the doctor rang. He invited the fourteen doctors who had attended him to dinner, and compared himself to the Republic putting fourteen armies in motion against Death.

And he turned again to gaieties and work. But Death was upon him, and his fourteen armies could not get him again out of his arm-chair. He could not lie down. A second time he fell; and now he lay prostrate. Three or four days of agony, and he died, in the odour of sanctity, attended by a father of the order that had watched over his childhood.

Alexandre Dumas has called Roger de Beauvoir the gayest child of France; and he furnished when wit and wisdom graced the epicurean board, and men were children, like Mery, and spoiled, like De Musset. Summing up the career of his favourite, the great Alexandre is exquisitely vain: "Had he been poor he would have cultivated art seriously; he would have written verses like Mery's; he would have produced comedies like De Musset's; he would have been the author of romances—like mine." He suffered in his latter time, on his return from Spain about 1843—but it was too late. He learned too late in sorrow, that which he might have taught in song. His "Deves and Advers" ("Colombes et Couleuvres") are echoes of his serious part, the product of sad days. He had sung of love, of Maria, his dark idol, the pearl of Toledo, but had not been wounded by the flame. He returned from Spain, bespattered with the blood of Diego Leon, having seen the hero put to rest in Madrid, and launched his anathema on the country of the Cid, that had "one glory less, and one stain more." The man of pleasure was sobered. The light serenader who could sing of love and sleep soundly afterwards, was at last torn by a consuming passion. He took a vast hotel, and made his mistress its queen. Later, he gave up his palace, and married. Dumas describes the event in a few words. The man least adapted to conjugal life, married the woman least fitted to be a wife. Explain this. He, a charming man; she, an adorable creature." His mother died. His health was suddenly shattered, as we have described. The gay companion is crushed into the invalid and the broken spirit, after some herculean struggles to laugh down anguish and forget that he is no longer happy. Roger rallied for brief spaces, but melancholy completely overpowered him at last; and he who had shone in epigram went in tears. His lament over the laughter, the Périguenx pique, the black truffle and the winking Al, of former days, we agree with M. Dumas, is profoundly sad, written in a man's fifty-third year, from his chimney-corner, and over his grave. "Alas," Dumas cries, "the youths might be written on the sadness of the gayest man in France!" There is sadness, too, in Roger de Beauvoir's posthumous volume.

These stories of supping-men are occasionally most painful. The history of Saint-Cricq—the nuisance of the Théâtre Français and the Café Anglais—is an extraordinary one; but it is difficult to laugh at a madman, especially at the madman who is a scholar. Saint-Cricq, who sugared his tea from the salt-cellar, was an accomplished linguist, and was "profoundly learned in Egyptian antiquities."

The Count de Courchamps was a supping-man worth painting. Author of "Souvenirs de la Marquise de Crigny," the friend of Brillat-Savarin, an epicure of the first order, he was a gentleman of the old school, with a biting tongue. Roger de Beauvoir said he combined the nature of a monkey, an abbé, and a cat. He frequented the Café des Frères Provençaux, then reputed to have the finest cellar in Paris. Here he had his appointed table. Bread was specially baked for him daily. He carried his own saucers in his pocket. His choice of wine was of the daintiest—in Burgundies chiefly. When he supped, he began at 10 o'clock, and finished at midnight; and he went on supping and meddling with the kitchen to the end, even among the good sisters of Poitiers, who pitted him, and let him die among them.

A more welcome figure, as Roger presents him, is Armand Maitourne—the perfect conventionalist, as below; as a friend as sought after for an attractive guest, epicure or Benedictine, by no means of the habit of Etienne Bequet, who lost himself in Rabelaisian bouts. Maitourne appears to have possessed, in a high degree, all those social graces which have faded in these latter days. He was to be seen at his best at one of Bouffé's or Dr. Véron's suppers—"humorous as Stendhal, lively as Rostand, and paradoxical as Nestor Roqueplan." And where is he? This is the question Roger de Beauvoir asks, giving himself the most melancholy of answers: "I know, but I will not depress you by telling you." The end of Bequet is as melancholy as the end of Maitourne. The latter, as we have seen, was a friend as sought after for an attractive guest, epicure or Benedictine, by no means of the habit of Etienne Bequet, who lost himself in Rabelaisian bouts. Maitourne appears to have possessed, in a high degree, all those social graces which have faded in these latter days. He was to be seen at his best at one of Bouffé's or Dr. Véron's suppers—"humorous as Stendhal, lively as Rostand, and paradoxical as Nestor Roqueplan." And where is he? This is the question Roger de Beauvoir asks, giving himself the most melancholy of answers: "I know, but I will not depress you by telling you." The end of Bequet is as melancholy as the end of Maitourne.

Roger could reply aptly. Even Mery never brought him to a dead halt. The playfulness of the confraternity was always on hand, and verse tripped from pen and pencil at any moment. Roger called on Alexandre Dumas, Dumas was out. Roger asked for pen and paper to leave a word, and by some accident, was shown into the kitchen. The cook's account-book was lying upon the table, and he enriched it with this compliment:—

"Sur ce journal Dumas écrit
Qu'il n'y a point de mot qui le peigne,
Tout ce qu'il a dit de sa vie,
C'est qu'il a vu les plus beaux rois."
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through Paris streets for the amusement of the gaudy. He would be a bold man, indeed, who sired his braces outside his coat, along the Champs Elysées. The end of Perigian, and of the book, has the grim comedy about it which we find in Dumas's account of the author: and in Roger's sharply-etched portraits of supping men whom he has traced chiefly to a madhouse. By mistake, the body of Perigian, forgotten with the rest, we suppose, by his ancient boon companions, was conveyed to Perigian, to be returned to Paris, like any other misdirected parcel!

THE MISSING CROWN.

THE life of the "gayest man in France," and his memoirs of his table friends, give the moralist copious illustrations. "Fast now, fast now," might stand on Roger's title-page. The romantic voluptuaries spared neither Lassalle's rage nor his nose. A friend's friend was an excellent opportunity for an epigram!

When the dream of Hungarian independence was rudely dissolved by the simultaneous advance of the Austrian and Russian armies on Pesth, Gorgey with his patriot army—still 40,000 strong—seeing the game was up, and wishing to save his country as much as possible from the retaliatory vengeance of Austria, capitulated, at Villager, to the Russian general on honourable terms. But Marshal Haynau, the Austrian commander, acting under instructions from Vienna, declined to be bound by the Russian treaty; and when he entered Pesth as a conqueror, it was well known he brought in his travelling-case a bundle of warrants for the apprehension and punishment of the prominent organizers of that which was termed by one side a rebellion, by the other, a patriotic struggle against despotism.

Before this crisis had arrived, the Dictator, Kossuth, found it expedient to remove the seat of government from Pesth, and to take up temporary quarters at Szegedin, from whence fight into the Turkish territory would be comparatively easy. Forecasting possible eventualities, the Dictator took the precaution to get possession of the Hungarian crown and regalia; calling his staff into consultation as to the best way of securing the precious casket.

It was finally agreed in solemn conclave that the casket should be buried in one of the small unattended islands which dot the Theiss; that an accurate plan of the place should be taken, and deposited in safe keeping, so as to be available for the easy recovery of the treasure when more auspicious times presented themselves. An island was accordingly selected; the spot where the casket was buried was clearly and correctly indicated; the plan was placed in the hands of the Dictator, and for the present, all anxiety in this direction was set at rest. It is only necessary to add that Kossuth made his escape, visited America, and finally took up his abode in England.

When the Austrian Emperor was enabled once more to establish the semblance of peace in his Hungarian dominions, it was thought expedient that at a fitting period, his coronation as King of Hungary, with all its time-honoured ceremonies, should be celebrated. But where was the Hungarian crown? It was sought for, but could nowhere be found; and no one could give an account of its disappearance. No coronation would be held to be complete or valid by the Hungarians unless the old Hungarian crown encircled the brow of the Sovereign. The same superstitious veneration attached to this crown as to the crowns of Lombardy and Germany. It must be found at any cost. Large rewards were offered. Every kind of immunity was promised to those who were parties to its abstraction and concealment; but the coveted information was not forthcoming. Matters remained in this condition for years.

Here the scene of our narrative must be changed, and the reader taken to London. In that refuge of all nations—Soho—might be seen, just after the Revolutions of 1848 had run their course, a small house, the lower part of which presented an abortive imitation of the exterior of a continental café. Soho, at that period, was filled with refugees from various European States. Poland was represented, so was Spain, so was France, so was Hungary. Russia, Austria, France had their spies thickly studded over the locality, in various disguises. Some were restaurant-keepers, others: tenanted cigar-shops, a few were proprietors of cafés, more were in the capacity of waiters.

The café in Lisle-street, kept by P—, a foreigner, was the headquarters of the ex-patriated Hungarian patriots. No one could say precisely from what part of the Austrian dominions the owner of the Café came—one knew anything of his antecedents, when he made his appearance at Pesth and joined the army of liberation under General Bem. Following the fortunes of the Dictator Kossuth when the Austrians marched into Pesth, he marched out, and contrived to make his way to England. Tall, military-looking, and of truculent aspect, he yet inspired sufficient confidence in the Hungarian refugees to induce them to make his Café their house of call, and as his language indicated that he was ardently devoted to their cause, while his purse was continually at the service of the necessities, it may be easily imagined that the Café was not overlooked by the ubiquitous secret foreign police. On Sundays there was a private table d'hôte, at which the principal refugees assembled. As a matter of course Austrian politics were discussed, and amongst other matters the anxiety of the Austrian Emperor to find the missing crown of Hungary, and the liberal reward to be paid for its recovery.

One evening three persons might be seen sitting in the private bar of the Café, conversing earnestly about the affairs of Hungary, and particularly about the secreted crown, all present appearing to be well acquainted with its place of concealment. The result of the deliberations of this trio was, that steps should be immediately taken to remove the crown from its hiding-place, to bring it to England, and to place it for greater security in the custody of the ex-Dictator. But who was to undertake this dangerous task? The movements of the Hungarian patriots in London were too well watched, their persons too well known, to admit of the hope, even if they penetrated into the Austrian dominions undetected, that they would leave them safely. One of the party suggested that P—, the proprietor of the Café, should be called in and sounded. He was not a Hungarian—at least by birth—he might, therefore, have a chance of escaping the searching eyes of the Austrian police. He was summoned, and the proposition laid before him. When told that he had been selected to undertake the business, his eyes sparkled for a moment, but he hesitated at giving his consent. Eventually his scruples were overcome, he agreed to fetch the crown, and only to accept a reward on the successful completion of his dangerous mission. A sheet of paper was handed to him which, on being folded in a particular form, disclosed the exact spot where the casket was buried, but which, should he be discovered, would indicate nothing that could in the least compromise him. He settled to commence his journey in three weeks' time, alleging that he must wait for the arrival of a German courier resembling him somewhat in person, whose passport would carry him to Pesth without suspicion.

On the day fixed upon, P— set out for Prague. The journey was completed thus far in safety—there was nothing to excite suspicion—his fellow-travellers left him at various stations, only two, a Polish pedlar and an Armenian Jew, came on with him as far as the frontier of Bohemia, and there they also quitted him.

On arriving at Prague, P— made his way to the Kaiser Hof, and ordered a substantial dinner. He had just sat down to his meal when the Chief of the Police paid him a visit, and requested to see his passport. Having looked at the paper he politely intimated that he had received instructions from the Minister of the Interior to see him safely to Vienna. P— manifested no discomposure at this; he finished his dinner leisurely, and, on finding that the travelling carriage was at the door, coolly stepped into it, not prepared, however, for the politeness of the Chief of the Police, who entered the carriage and placed himself beside him. The carriage moved on, and P—'s equanimity was further disturbed, on noticing that the carriage was escorted by a guard of Uhlans. He put a question or two to the Chief, but the taciturn official declined to enter into conversation, and the journey was performed in silence. On arriving at Vienna, the carriage drove to the Burg, the Emperor's palace, and drew up at a private door. P— was requested to alight and follow the Chief.

In Vienna, as in most of the cities where the aspirations of young Germany were known to prevail, there sat what was known as the Black Commission. The Commissioners were appointed by the Emperor, and their special business was to ferret out suspected persons, to interrogate them, and to hand their depositions over to the Imperial cabinet for their consideration. The Commission was held at the Burg—it was sitting when the carriage stopped, and P— was ushered into the chamber forthwith. His papers were examined and pronounced all right. So far so well. The Præses questioned him as to his business in Vienna.

"He had come to Vienna to seek for the place of courier."

"From whence had he come?"

"Direct from England, where he had gone, as his papers would show, with an English family, who having no further use for his services, had paid, dismissed, and given him the usual certificate."

At this point of the inquiry two persons were introduced, whom P— immediately recognised as the Polish pedlar and the Armenian Jew his fellow-travellers.

"Do you know this person?" said the Præses, pointing to P—, and addressing the pedlar.

"Perfectly; he is the proprietor of the — Café in London, and the agent of the Hungarian rebels. His passport was obtained from me." [P— started.] He mistook me for a courier. I am, as your Excellencies know, an officer of the secret police."

"And do you know the other person?" pointing to the Jew.

"I do not."

"But I do," said P—, finding that further concealment was useless—"Remove his false beard, and you will see the valet of General Klappa, commissioned by the Dictator to watch my acts."

Præses: "We know you can give the Commission important information. Beware how you trifle with us. Declare the business that brought you to Vienna."

P—: "Torture me—shoot me—I will die with my secret."

Præses: "A royal reward will be paid for the information we know you possess."

P—, loftily: "I am a man of honour. All the treasures of the empire will not induce me to betray my trust."

Præses: "Remove him to prison."

A week elapsed before P— regained his liberty. In the meantime a body of miners had been dispatched to the Theiss. They were searching for something, but only the Commission knew what. They tried one island—discovered nothing—they tried another—found the casket. The day after this, P— was released from prison. He made his way to the bureau of the Minister of the Secret Commission.

P—: "Well, the information was of service."

Minister: "It was."

P—: "I now claim the fulfilment of the conditions, in conformity with the Emperor's gracious written promise."

Minister: "Let us see a little. You wrote from London to the Emperor, offering to place the Hungarian Regalia in his hands on these conditions. You were to be arrested on arriving at Prague, to take off suspicion. You were to furnish a plan of the place of concealment of the Regalia, and when they were recovered you were to receive 500,000 florins and a passport to Trieste."

P—: "Perfectly correct, Herr Minister."

Minister: "In those bags are 250,000 florins, you can remove them at once. The other 250,000 florins will be handed over to you at the end of your journey by Colonel Marx, with whose regiment you will travel."

The dark complexion of P— turned perfectly livid.

P—: "I do not require an escort. The Emperor's passport is a sufficient protection."

Minister: "Doubtless it protects fully Alexis P—, but no one else. You speak the Croat language. Colonel Marx is looking for one Lieutenant Domvich, who deserted his colours, and went over to the Hungarian rebels in 1849. You (looking hard at P—) of course know nothing of this person, who, when taken will be shot at once, in conformity with military law. You may be able to give him assistance in translating the forms; and for that purpose you will have the opportunity of making his acquaintance as your escort."

"Then," said the Minister calmly, "you can only take away with you the 250,000 florins; the other half must be given to you by the hands of Colonel Marx, who is anxious to make the acquaintance of Lieutenant Domvich through your aid."

P— secured his mutilated treasure, returned to England, and by letter acquainted his illustrious employers with the ill-success of his mission.

The next morning he was visited by General Mery, one of the three with whom he had an interview at his Café in Soho.

"You have failed, so you wrote," said the General,

"Unfortunally, it is so."
"And yet the secret, so well guarded, somehow became known to the Emperor."
"So it seems."
"You were trusted as an honourable man."
"Not quite so; or why was a spy sent to watch me? I pointed him out to the police when arrested, and he has since been shot."
"You mistake; he saved his life by pointing you out as Lieutenant Domvich, who deserted from the 29th Regiment of Croats."
"I now see it all—fool that I was."
"You are now suspected. England is no place for you."
"England is a country of law and protection."

"But there are some things (showing the handle of a dagger) that no laws can prevent from reaching their ends."
"And there are other things," said P—, unbuttoning his surcoat, and displaying the butt end of a pistol, "that serve to keep at a distance assassins."

P— disposed of his Café and for some years led a life of extravagance, avoided by his former companions, and pointed at with the finger of scorn, for which he cared nothing. He was lost to view for some time, but not very long ago a Café was opened in Rupert-street, where an excellent cup of coffee and a good cigar might be had, and there P—, reduced in circumstances, might be seen acting in the capacity of waiter.

So it came to pass that the Emperor of Austria was crowned with the veritable Hungarian Crown last year.—Once-a-Week.

TRIAL OF MADAME RACHEL.

THIS case came before the Central Criminal Court, London, on Thursday, 20th August. The court was densely crowded. Lord Ranelagh was present, and Madame Rachel, who is an elderly woman, appeared to be in weak health, and had come from the Newgate infirmary. She pleaded not guilty. The first witness was Mrs. Borradale, a woman of lady-like appearance. The particulars of the case are already so well known that it will not be necessary for us to repeat them at length. In cross-examination by Mr. Digby Seymour, Mrs. Borradale gave evidence that the prisoner said, but she spoke something to me about the baths, and mentioned the name of some person in connection with the matter. I swear that the owner of the public bath I went to in Davies-street did not refuse to let me have a bath there in consequence of what I had said about people peeping at me. She may swear it, but it is not the truth. I don't recollect telling anyone that I had been peeping at the bath in Davies-street, but some gentlemen I forgot all about it. I may have said that some one had told me so. When I was introduced to Lord Ranelagh I was not in his company more than four or five minutes. I swear that he gave me his card. I asked him if he was Lord Ranelagh, and he said he was, and handed me his card, and I then looked upon him as my affianced husband. She introduced me to him again a few days afterwards. Very little was said on that occasion, and it was said by Madame Rachel. He said there were some theatricals at Beaufort House, but that they were not good enough for me. I cannot say whether I ever saw Lord Ranelagh during his husband's lifetime, but I may have done so. I consider my husband's name sacred. Let the dead rest. Mr. Williams: What induced you to part with your money? Witness: For this man who addressed me, Mr. Williams. Who was that? Witness: Lord Ranelagh. I parted with all my money to Madame Rachel. Mr. Digby Seymour: I do not wish to call your husband's name in question, but you must answer my questions. What was the name of the person who your husband in which Lord Ranelagh's name was mentioned? Witness: I forget. I know nothing at all about it. Cross-examination continued: I will swear that Lord Ranelagh did not visit me and my husband at Brompton. I forget whether Lord Ranelagh made some communication relative to my child to my husband, which made him very angry with a third person. I know nothing about it. I cannot recollect. My husband was a very good husband to me. Mr. Digby Seymour: Never mind your husband, he is in his grave. Cross-examination continued: I have a brother-in-law in North Wales named Cope. In the beginning of September, 1866, he came up to London and I saw him. He said he had been to the Carlton Club, and something about Lord Ranelagh. He wanted to know what kept me in London, and I told him I was going to be married. He said he had come to town because he had heard I was in bad hands. I think the letter produced in my handwriting. (This was dated the 3rd of September, 1866, and began "My own dear Lord Ranelagh, I have just received your letter, and I am glad to hear that you are well. I have not time to write you more than a few lines, but I will write you again soon. I am, my dear Lord Ranelagh, ever your affectionate friend, William Cope.")

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admitted that the letter was written by her, but it was done by direction of the prisoner, and she dictated all that was said. Mr. Digby Seymour: Do you mean to say that she bewitched him? Witness: I really believe she did. (Laughter.) Cross-examination continued: I believe I was several times at Mr. Haynes's office, and I may have told him that I was going to be married to Captain William Edwards, but I meant Lord Ranelagh. After some further evidence, the case was adjourned. The case was resumed on Friday, 1st Lord Ranelagh and other witnesses examined. His lordship said he knew the prisoner, and had had several times at her house; he had never authorized her to use his name, or to indicate his desire to marry Mrs. Borradale; he had never asked her to borrow \$10 from Mrs. B.; the letter produced was not in his handwriting. Mr. Digby Seymour: You have answered now that you went there and made various purchases in china. I wish now to know whether you ever handed your card to Mrs. Borradale? Witness: I never did so, but I saw her in the shop? I did. Were you ever in her company more than once? Lord Ranelagh: Yes; at the family solicitor's office—Mr. Cridland's; but never to speak to her about Madame Rachel. Mr. D. Seymour: Is there any truth in the statement that she was twice introduced to you? Lord Ranelagh: I have no recollection of such a thing. Mr. D. Seymour: When did you communicate with your solicitor—Mr. Smith? Lord Ranelagh: I think it was in November, 1867; but I can give you the exact date. (Referring to a bundle of letters.) It must have been November 28, 1867. Mr. D. Seymour: Did it come to your knowledge previously to November, 1867, before calling on your solicitor, that your name had been mentioned to the family of Mrs. Borradale in connection with her? Lord Ranelagh: Indirectly I did hear of it, I believe. Mr. D. Seymour: In consequence of that in November you made a communication to Mr. Smith, I suppose? Lord Ranelagh: No. It was in consequence of Mrs. Borradale's letter of the 27th November, 1867, making a claim upon me. Mr. D. Seymour: Did you, during your year 1868, receive any letters from Mrs. Borradale? Lord R

